



JOURNAL OF ELT AND POETRY

A Peer reviewed International Research Journal

Articles available online <http://www.journalofelt.in>

A Premier Publication from KY PUBLICATIONS. India.

Poetry



Vol. 3., Issue 2., 2015

DREAMS STOLEN



MADHUMATHI B.S
Associate Professor
Government First Grade
College
Nelamangala. BANGALORE

Article Received: 02/03/2015

Revised on: 18/03/2015

Accepted on :27/03/2015

I am married to my sarees
I am not ashamed

My weaver with his delicate
hands has hidden a palm leaf
between every pleat as though
it is sleeping between them

The edges of my pallu is ribboned
with dual-color over-lap pink and green; body is
off –white swelling like the milk-bowl
every morning with a cooing hiss

Aah! Those winding stripes
Purple which will surround my body
like a climber and cling to me
and conceal my irregularities

I wonder if
there are awards and honors for
poor weavers who will empty their dreams
every minute into the tapestry
they weave ..
we the proud damsels get clad in them
forgetting the thread -roots

Weaver
Your eyes are rid of the
dreams your hands empty of craft

You have transformed women
Into angels! Who have frozen

in their ageless sarees

Look at that mermaid crafted
In your best silks hardly any legs
visible nor the waist which slips
like the thread in your hand slimy no?

*Saree- an Indian ethnic wear of women
